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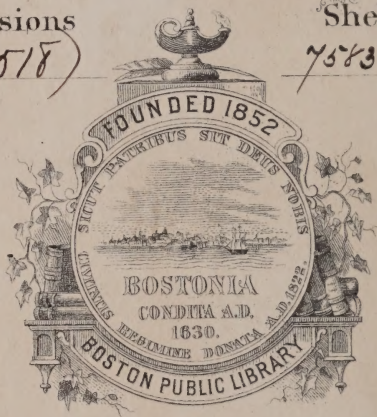

Received May 5, 1892.

Remarks by Mr. G.

Dale

ADDRESSES

AT

VARIOUS TEMPERANCE MEETINGS,

WITH AN

Account of the Grand Simultaneous Anniversary.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1845.

ADDRESSES

DELIVERED AT

VARIOUS TEMPERANCE MEETINGS,

Held in the City of Boston,

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE

GRAND SIMULTANEOUS ANNIVERSARY,

February, 1845.

REPORTED BY

J. R. FITZGERALD, ESQ.

BOSTON:
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1845.

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ADDRESSES.

Temperance Meeting at the Odeon.

On Sabbath evening, February 2, the Odeon was crowded for the purpose of hearing the great advocate of total abstinence, and the Colossus of the cause, Mr. J. B. Gough, for the first time since his return from Philadelphia.

The meeting was opened with an impressive prayer by the Rev. S. K. Lothrop, and after a few appropriate remarks from Moses Grant, Esq., Mr. Gough rose, and spoke nearly as follows :—

He said he supposed that the audience would not expect any apology from him for again appearing before them on the same subject. When he was away from this city he liked to come back to it, because he considered it his home. He returned from his tours sometimes to see his friends, and sometimes for rest, but when he came they set him to work. If there was any blame to be attached for his standing before a Boston audience on the subject of temperance, it must be laid on the shoulders of those who employed him. He felt that this question had been handled in so many different ways, and by so many able men, that it was impossible to strike out any thing that was new, and therefore he must repeat his own experience, which he would offer to them as his arguments. He gathered facts as he proceeded with his labors with which he could illustrate the truths which he proposed for the consideration of the public. These would enable him to enlighten their minds, although he knew it would be perfectly ridiculous on his part to attempt to enlighten

them on any other subject. It had been said that temperance men gave an account of such deeds and of such scenes as had never been witnessed.—Perhaps they had not been witnessed by these sceptics, and cavillers. Why? Because they did not go where they were to be witnessed. They acknowledged that intemperance was an evil, but they knew nothing about its desolating and terrible effects. Their knowledge of the evil, was similar to that of the person who had seen another undergo the pain of amputation. The one had felt the excruciating agony of the operation, while the other could but indifferently conceive what it was. He was so engaged that he was obliged to see a great many things. He was obliged to lift up the curtain, and expose the woe, misery, and wretchedness which were concealed behind it. He would say to the incredulous, to those who supposed that the evil was magnified, go to the prisons and see the condition of the drunkard, see him at his wretched home. His time from morning till night, for the last ten days had been employed in visiting such scenes. When they spoke of the drunkard, it was supposed that it was only the lower orders, as they were called, who were meant. He granted that they saw more of them, he granted that they more frequently saw the poor drunkard staggering his way through the streets. But he could tell them that the drunkard was to be found in the higher order of society. There was scarce a house in which some member of the family was not scathed, or burned by the fire of intemperance. When he was in Philadelphia a lady called upon him to know whether he would visit her sister's husband in order to see if any thing could be done for him.—He (Mr. G.) replied that he would not, unless the person wished it. He had made it a rule, never to visit a drunkard unsolicited by himself, because he knew how a drunkard felt. It often happened that the remnant of that pride which was not yet extinguished by the rum, was excited, and that the degraded outcast exclaimed, "Who asked you for your assistance? Who gave you any information about me?" When it was the drunkard's wish to see him, he went with the utmost willingness. But he never made unsolicited visits unless to the drunkard who was in distress, or to the house of mourning in which lay some

deceased inebriate. To such places he went uninvited, to learn if he could do some good.

The Philadelphia lady told him that she would not have it known for the world that she had called upon him, because, said she—"We don't go to temperance meetings, they are not genteel enough."—Well, those were the feelings which very often kept ladies and gentlemen away from the meetings.—But whenever they had been induced to go, they were pleased with what they had heard and seen. And when questioned about their visit, they said —"O! we did not know that so much could be said upon the subject of temperance. We thought it was quite a vulgar thing to be seen at such meetings, and therefore we have not taken any part in the matter." A meeting was advertised to be held in the splendid saloon of the Philadelphia Museum, the admission to which was 25 cents. It was said, by the young man in question, "There are not fools enough in Philadelphia to pay a quarter of a dollar for going to a temperance meeting!" Very well, the person whom he had been requested to visit went to the Saloon, and seeing crowds of persons standing outside, and coming away, there being no room in the Saloon, thought that there was some difficulty. He saw the proprietor, to whom he said, "I suppose you can procure seats for me and these two ladies." "O!" replied the proprietor, "you cannot get into the vestibule." Such was the brilliancy and magnificence of that scene, that a representation of it was made for the London Illustrated News, and which would probably be out by the next mail from England. Half the proceeds of the meeting was for the poor. O! it was indeed a glorious sight. The room which was two hundred and forty-three feet in length, was packed with human beings. He found himself among men of the highest respectability—men of rank, influence and education. It was sufficient, that he mentioned the names of Chancey, Horace Binney, J. A. Brown, &c., &c. The countenance and co-operation of such men were a tower of strength to the cause.

He would relate to them the particulars of another case which had come under his knowledge in Philadelphia. A lady called upon him and politely requested him to call at her house. He accepted the invitation. He was

shown into a magnificently furnished room (since he had become a temperance man he had been in some tolerably well furnished apartments, but, most certainly he had never been in any which was more gorgeously laid out than the one he alluded to,) it was ornamented with rich and valuable articles from China and India, on the floor was a carpet of the richest colors, and which felt to the foot like velvet. He took his seat on a sofa in the cushions of which he was almost buried. He thought to himself that there was nothing for him to do there, and he was beginning to be of the opinion that he had got into the wrong place, (Laughter,) when in came a lady who was the very personification of aristocracy. She spoke of her darling boy, and expressed her poignant regret, that he, with all the pride of character, and of manliness, should commit such a fault! "Why," said the lady, "Mr. Gough, would you believe it, he came home drunk last night!!" Why, there were hundreds, and thousands of such cases, although that lady had supposed that her son was the only one who was afflicted with the loathsome disease of intemperance.—No adequate idea of the extent and magnitude of the fatal propensity could be formed. But, he was rejoiced, and he returned his thanks to Providence, that the deep and broad lines of the approbation of the God of the Sabbath were stamped upon the cause, that men of mind and talent and influence and rank, were coming up to the great work, and that the last hour of intemperance was approaching. There was a class of human beings who suffered much from, and by this hateful vice. He meant the little children. Who was there that did not love a little child, an innocent, a sweet little child.—Surely there was not one in that assembly who did not. He would not think much of one who did not. In this city there were numbers of degraded, ruffianly boys, who were ragged, dirty, and filthy, upon whose countenances sensuality and brutality were marked, and who were fit candidates for the State Prison. Look at them, and the cause of their degradation and their rapidly coming ruin. In nine cases out of ten it would be found that the parents of those boys were drunkards. When in New York, he went with his Honor the Mayor to Blackwell's Island, and there he saw eight hundred human

beings, apparently, the most abandoned, and brutalized that he had ever cast his eyes upon. One half of them could neither read nor write, and had had no religious education. Well, if the question was asked it would be found that intemperance was the cause of that vast and indescribable amount of human degradation and human misery. Children were thrust into the streets on such a day as that was, when the cold was so piercing as to get into the very marrow in their little bones, to pick up pennies to enable the wretched, criminal, unnatural parents to procure rum. He had seen one little girl of whom he had taken some notice. In the assembly before him there was not one more interesting looking than that poor, unfortunate, and ill-fated child. She was between fourteen and fifteen years of age, and her raiment was hardly sufficient for the requirements of decency. He asked, why did that girl go so?—The answer was, her father was a drunkard. Well, said he, (Mr. G.) was she not old enough to go out to work? Where was her spirit? The reply was, "That child's mother is in a consumption, and four children are dependent upon that girl's exertions."—O! he conjured them to reflect upon the sufferings caused by intemperance, among the children of this city, and to come forward with their assistance to exterminate the hideous monster. Look at, and reflect upon the sufferings of mothers, sisters and brothers. He never would forget the heart-piercing recital of an old woman in Worcester county. Her boy in whom all her affections were centered, and over whose helpless infancy she had watched many a night and day, had contracted the vice of drunkenness, delirium tremens had seized him, he went away, and was absent for three years. On one evening, his broken-hearted and aged mother was reading in the Bible that passage which described Jesus Christ casting the devil out of the blind man, because he was crying and cutting himself among the tombs. She laid down the sacred volume and exclaimed, "Ah, my poor son is this night perhaps, crying and cutting himself among the tombs." She threw herself upon her knees, and prayed for him. Her boy returned that night—he had signed the pledge. Not wishing to go into the presence of his honored parent, before he removed from his person the effects of the tra-

velling, he went into a tavern, which was contiguous to his mother's residence. The landlord said to him that he had not seen him for some time, that he was not looking well, and asked him to drink something. The young man said no, he had signed the pledge. The landlord told him, that that was no consequence. He might sign the pledge in one town, and break it in another. The young man as yet held out against the assaults of the grim tempter. He said he did not want any thing to drink. Yes, said Mr. Gough, he did want something to gratify his passion, for it had not yet submitted. He had to battle against his appetite. Often he (Mr. G.) had been obliged to put, with his trembling hands, the laudanum bottle to his lips, which rattled against his teeth, in order to quench the thirst for rum. A man was not free when he signed the pledge. O, no! He was still in chains. He had many struggles to make, for the purpose of obtaining the mastery over his appetite. The system was weakened, and he longed for his rum.

But, to return whence he had digressed. The mother rejoiced that her son, who was dead, had come to life again, that he was about to throw himself into her arms, exclaiming, in accents of ecstacy, "Mother, mother, I have returned to you, I have signed the pledge; take care of me!" But alas! that meeting between the repentant child and the rejoicing mother, was not realized; it did not come to pass. The tempter succeeded, the young man broke his pledge, and after he had done so, the demon landlord laid a wager that the violator of his pledge would drink a pint of rum, without taking it from his lips. The wager was taken up, (which was liquor for all round,) the rum was brought, the young man drank it it up; shortly after, he, the only son of his mother, was found dead. His body was wrapped up in a buffalo skin, and was conveyed to the house of his mother on a plank. The old woman looked up into his (Mr. Gough's) face, when she told him what she had said to the landlord. "I taxed him with having murdered my boy, and I told him that he would have to answer for it before God. May God forgive me, I cursed him." The reply of the heartless rum-seller was, that he did not know that the ill-fated young man was her son. Thus had died that unhappy

youth, he had died drunk, and in the death of a drunkard there was no hope.

Indignation was excited against the landlord, and he was compelled to leave the place. He went to Norwich, where he continues in the murderous traffic, if he is not dead. But the wrath of the public did not heal or cicatrize the wounded heart of the inconsolable mother. He would ask, how long would the rumseller be allowed to perpetrate such deeds of blood? How long would the friends of humanity stand tamely by, while thousands upon thousands of human beings were sacrificed to the Moloch of rum?

When he took up a newspaper, he read the accounts of rum tragedies, which were sufficient to make one's blood quiver in his veins. Some time ago, a man in Pittsfield, when under the dominion of rum, murdered his wife; and afterward murdered his child. Yet that man had said that he had loved his wife. She had never quarreled with him for drinking, but she would stare at him, and that haunted him every where; it was in the very glass, he said; he saw it, as he lifted it to his lips. One day, on his return, and when under the fatal influence of the rum, he saw his wife sitting in her chair; her eyes were red and inflamed, as though she had been crying; a tear was still on her cheek; her hair was dishevelled. She gave him a look—not a look of anger or contempt, but a look of sorrow. He went into another room, got his rifle, and shot her. Again: the newspapers related the particulars of fatal accidents which had befallen drunkards on the railroads. His own conviction was, that the drunkard, having despaired of himself, would drink to excess, and then fall upon the track, being aware, before all his senses had left him, that the cars would roll over and crush him to death. He believed, that such were the feeling and intention of the drunkard, the irreclaimable drunkard. If they doubted what he said, let them go and ask the reformed drunkard. The drunkard's body was like that of death; he always carried about him a load of self-contempt, which was bitter to bear. He compared the drunkard to one who was obliged to carry every where with him a dead body. It sat down with him when he sat down, it rose with him when he rose. It was always there. Turn

whichever way he would, it was there—a glaring, livid mass. If he wanted to avert his eyes from it, he could not, without beholding the hideous spectacle. It so brooded upon his soul, like a monster of death, that with Saint Paul he exclaimed, "who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" Yes, the drunkard would rather risk the pains and torments of the other world, than be subject to the horrors, such as he (Mr. G.) had endeavored to describe. They were called upon to wage war against all intoxicating beverages, whether they were used in the fashionable circles, at social parties, at weddings, at the large hotels, the low, miserable restorators, or the filthy rum grocery, where the miserable drunken idiots gasp for their cent's worth of the fiery poison. There was one class of persons, who, perhaps unintentionally, did more to perpetuate intemperance than all the grogshops put together. He knew that to be the fact. But of that class he would not speak that evening. The first glass, which had made thousands drunkards, had been taken at other places beside the bar-room. He meant, at the social parties. But it was said by some that their influence could avail nothing in the great moral movement, and that if a man cannot govern himself, he had better let it alone. Now, he would challenge that large assembly, nay, the world, to state instances where a man had been better, morally, physically, or intellectually, by taking a glass of wine. But how many thousands had become drunkards by that glass? There were at present, in this country, notwithstanding the temperance reformation, FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND DRUNKARDS, THIRTY THOUSAND of whom, every year, descend into the drunkard's grave; and they began with the first glass of cider, rum, brandy, or wine. Were they not called upon to abolish the practice? Did they not owe it to themselves to do so? Did not the interests of their children require of them to do so? He would ask whether any father in that assembly would be willing to place his son in one scale, and fashion in the other, and then wait to see who would kick the beam? Would any fond father like to risk the happiness of his boy, in such a way?

Mr. Gough then alluded to the young lady who had lost her life at Table Rock, by an attempt to pluck a shrub

which was upon its brink. She made one false step, "she cried out 'save me,' and over she went." Would any father tell his son that he could pluck it, to go and do so, and let the world see how cool he was—as cool as though he was standing in his own drawing-room? No. No father would speak thus to his child. He would tell him not to make the attempt—his foot might slip, and he might lose his life. The son perhaps would say to his father, that there was no danger of him—that it did not follow, because a giddy-headed young lady had fallen over the precipice, into the gulf of destruction which was beneath her, that the same fate was to await him. Very good, very plausible argument—very specious paralogism—but let it be remembered that HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS go annually to pluck the shrub, and that THIRTY THOUSAND of them fall over the precipice. Some said, that only weak-minded men became drunkards. That was not true. He would take two men—one should be a steady-going, plodding kind of a character, always looking ahead, and not deviating to the right or to the left, but pursuing the even tenor of his way, taking a glass of wine in the way of business. He should be a person not calculated to do much harm, or much good, and one who had never been supposed to have lived, until his death appeared in the newspapers. The other should be a person of warm temperament, full of life, of genius, and of learning—a favorite with the ladies for the fascinations of his attainments; the admired of the fashionable circle, for his graceful dancing, for his beautiful playing, and for his charming singing. Such a man, if he took his glass of wine, would beyond all doubt become a drunkard; but no power, no persuasion, no entreaties could bring the other within the influence of the glass. In a word, it was impossible to make him a drunkard. The one stood on the edge of the outer circle, but the other went within the inner circles, which grew narrower and narrower, until he was swallowed up in the vortex, where tens of thousands went, and where they would remain until the arrival of that terrible day when the great secret would be revealed.

The cry of no danger, was a vain one. Men said they had no desire to drink. How did they know that? The next time that any young man who was listening to him,

who was in the habit of drinking, had a wish to take something, let him resist the wish. He would feel feverish, restless, and uneasy, until he had gratified his wish, or crushed it. He had heard of a case where a friend of temperance was anxious to induce a drunkard whom he knew, to become a sober man, by saying that he would give him five dollars if he would not drink for a day. The drunkard told his humane friend to shut him up; but so far gone was he in the vice, so determined and so incorrigible a drunkard was he, that he had devised the means of getting intoxicated, even while he was shut up, by sucking the rum through a straw, from a bottle, which a boy held outside the door. The straw was put through the keyhole.

In the church of the Rev. Albert Barnes, in Philadelphia, he had held a temperance meeting. The children of eight or nine of the Sabbath Schools, with their teachers, were present. It was a most glorious sight, it was a bright and beautiful sight, and it reminded him of what Dr. Pierce, of Brooklyn, had said to him, (Mr. G.) of the meeting of children which was once held at the Tremont Temple, viz. "There was no flower garden on earth equal to it." But it was said that children did not understand the temperance movement. That was a great mistake. They understood it well, and the girls and boys set a noble example to their seniors. The pledge contained the principle of total abstinence. The advocates of the cause sought their aid, and they solicited them to come up upon the platform, and take an active part in the holy work. The traffic in rum would be put an end to. When he said that, he was told that was touching upon delicate ground; but he would never cease to wage war against the traffic in all that intoxicates. It was said that there were many wealthy men concerned in the trade of rum, whose influence would be brought to bear against those who denounced it, as being fraught with poverty, disease, and death. But, what cared he for that impotent threat? He had a right to lift up the curtain, to disclose the secrets of the charnel-house; he would tear away the drapery of respectability! which hung around the infamous trade, that it might be seen in the length and breadth of all its hideousness and corruption.

The dark and impenetrable pall of drunkenness, which enshrouded the rum depositories, must be rent. The inebriate outcast often exclaimed, that no man cared for him, or for his soul. He considered that he was lost, beyond all hope of recovery, and he expected to die. Night after night, he pursued his course. They would hear his wild and demoniac laugh. Would any of those who were present accompany him (Mr. G.) for twenty-four hours? He would point out to them scenes, the bare contemplation of which would make the heart of a savage barbarian ache. He would point to their view those fatal places, where the drunkard's soul and senses were steeped in rum. That man was sleeping, one would say—wait a little, go close, and hear his convulsive heavings—lift up his hand, and its falls dead—cry in his ear, and he would not hear—build a fire around him, and such was the state of stupefaction in which he was, that he could with difficulty be started. No! he was not asleep; the drunkard never slept. See the beaded drops of perspiration standing upon his forehead; see him beating the air; see him starting and terrified at the horrible figures which crowd upon his imagination. He glares forth again, with one object in view, viz. to get his rum; he kneels down, to clutch the glass with his trembling hands. He (the drunkard) cared not for the world; he went on in the same way, night after night, until he was hurried before the dread tribunal of Omnipotent Justice, in a state of intoxication. Oh! it was a tremendous reflection. He knew from experience, all he had stated. But (said Mr. Gough, with his eyes and hands turned toward heaven,) thank God, a bright and beaming star of hope had shone upon him. He had destroyed his appetite for drink, he had trampled under his feet his foe. But he would rather go back to what he was two days before he had signed the pledge, than be a RUMSELLER. He had been a sinner above all sinners; but the Almighty God had never left him so far as to be bad enough to sell the soul-destroying and God-defying rum.

Mr. Gough dwelt upon the wicked use which was made of corn, while thousands of human beings were in want of bread. He spoke of the advertisments which he often saw in the newspapers, while in New York.

"*Corn, Corn—the highest cash price given for Corn.*"

That Corn was poured into the accursed distillery, and was converted into a liquid fire, to blight, blast, and scathe the face of nature. If the corn was bought up, and cast into the sea, and if the highest cash price was given for casting it there, if the object was to produce famine in that way, the advocates of the temperance cause would be silent, because the injury which would result in that case would be comparatively nothing. In 130 towns in Massachusetts, the sale of spirits was abolished.—But the people of those towns complained that Boston was ruining them, because the rum was obtained here in jugs, and forwarded to those places by the different expresses and carriers. Would the citizens of Boston permit that? Would the rum-traffickers be allowed to pour out their liquid streams of death, despite the appeals of the broken-hearted wives, and the tears of the orphan? But the rum-sellers said if they did not sell, others would. He (Mr. G.) had asked them why they sold at all. The answer was *to make money*. Rather than sell it, he would sooner die on a hay mow, without a person to wipe the damp dews of death from his brow; he would sooner lay his head upon a cold stone, with nothing to protect it against the pitiless peltings of the storm. He would prefer that hard and melancholy fate, to a bed of eider down, and to have friends, with anxious countenances, peering through the damask curtains that shrouded his dying body, when the latter were purchased with wealth made in a distillery, every dollar of which was blistered with the tear of sorrow, rusted with the suicide's blood, and crusted with the piercing cries of the sobbing, starving child. God never gave the distiller a dollar; and if he were to make an offering of one, it would be an act of impiety, and an outrage upon the majesty of the Deity. He would repeat it; let those who doubted the extent and magnitude of the evil arising from drunkenness, go with him to the prisons, and see the pale faces, the sunken eyes, and the hollow jaws of the victims of rum.

On an evening, two gentlemen were walking in the streets of Philadelphia, when they were accosted by two little girls, who asked them for alms. Upon being questioned, one of them said she had no father, and the other said she had a father. They went home with the chil-

dren, and when they entered the doors, they saw a woman working as fast as she could with her needle. They remonstrated with the woman for allowing her children to be in the street at such a late hour, and told her that if she did not take proper care of them, they would have her conduct laid before the proper authorities. The woman, a fine, commanding-looking person, threw down her work, stood up, and in a burst of rage, said that they ought to take the law of the whiskey-shops; they caused her to labor, and her children to beg. She worked from morning until night, but she could not support her family. The gentlemen were confounded. They went away, and returned the next day, to make a provision for the family.

Mr. Gough related the particulars connected with the reformation of a young man, who had been addicted to drinking. It was the virtuous determination of a grey-headed negro, who had refused to take a drink of cider, instead of water, which had reformed him. The old man was about to put the cider to his mouth; when he discovered what it was, he refused to drink it, and returned it to his young master, who was induced to sign the pledge, and who had since promised to exert his influence for the good of his fellow-creatures. Young men, and old men, said Mr. G. go and imitate the meritorious and noble example of the virtuous negro. The young man and the negro would perhaps meet each other where there was no rum, where there was no temptation, but where all was brightness and love.

He would again refer to Philadelphia, for which they would excuse him. Two ladies, who were going to a temperance meeting, which was held in that city, were asked by a man who did not appear to belong to the "lower order," for two cents. They said they would not give him what he wanted; but they asked him to go with them to a temperance meeting, where he would hear some music, and perhaps be induced to sign the pledge. The other lady said to her companion, that she had better not take him there, as he might misconduct himself. At that moment two boys passed by, who were requested by the ladies to see the man home, and to call upon them in the morning, with word where he lived, and they would reward them. One of the ladies went to see him. She

found him sick with *delirium tremens.* He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. She had a sufficiency for herself and her son. All she had to grieve about, was the dissipation of her child. The lady asked him (Mr. G.) to accompany her to see the young man, and apologized to him for not having the carriage; but her mother was out shopping. Well, he felt pretty proud, to walk through the streets with an elegant lady. He saw the inebriate; he staid with him an hour; he signed the pledge. They should have seen his mother. Her feelings continued to well up, until at last she burst into a flood of tears—they were tears of heartfelt joy and gladness. Those kind and magnanimous ladies were the instruments, under heaven, by which that young man had been rescued from a drunkard's grave. Let others of their sex go and do likewise. There were a great many worth saving, and who might shine as stars in the hemisphere of talent. To all present, he would say, press onward, come forward; and let them show their sincerity, by signing the pledge.

Mr. Gough concluded by reading a letter which he had received from a person of literary distinction, in Philadelphia, who had taken the pledge, and who attributed all the misfortunes and mental pain he had endured, to dissipation.

He implored all friends of humanity to give the cause their support, and to exert their influence, in every legitimate manner, to bring over the drunkard. He loved the cause, and his devotion to it should cease only with his life.

Great Temperance Meeting at Faneuil Hall.

On Thursday evening, the 6th February, the Boston Total Abstinence Society held a most crowded and respectable meeting, at the above named Hall. The "Old Cradle of Liberty," a fitting place for such a demonstration, presented a cheering and a truly delightful appearance. The young and the old, the matron and the maiden were there; and all testified their anxiety for the good of the cause in which the destinies of civilized man are bound up—in which the wife and child, the widow and the orphan, have so heavy a stake. Come forward with your assistance, ye men of wealth and influence. It was said that the modern Greeks, in passing over the plains of Marathon, wept, that they had not lived to participate in the glories of their ancestors; and those who would not give their assistance to this cause, either from a feeling of false pride, or from an inordinate love of base lucre, would one day lament that they had not taken part in the glorious work.

The rum trade, at this meeting, received another terrible blow, and before it recovers from it, it will receive another, and another; for the friends of humanity have, as it were, registered a vow in heaven, never to cease their exertions, until the death-charged pestilence shall have been purged from the otherwise fair and unsullied face of this Commonwealth. Yes, the crusade against rum and the traffic in it, will be carried on with a bold, unflagging, and determined resolution. The countless victims which both have made, cry aloud to Omnipotence for vengeance; and in a voice of thunder they appeal to the tribunals of this

land to interpose their *veto*. The importers and exporters should take friendly advice, and at once quit a traffic which is so subversive of the principles of religion, and of the dictates of morality, and which is so fatal to the happiness of the family circle, and to the vital interests of the country.

At this meeting several excellent addresses were made, and many a shaft was hurled at the head of the tyrant who holds those who are subject to him in such degrading, brutalizing, and abject vassalage.

The speakers of the evening were Messrs. Moses Grant, J. B. Gough, Ross, Bailey, and Hon. S. Hoar. The speeches were received with the most enthusiastic applause, and this meeting, whether its unanimity and virtuous determination, or the attendance of those who shed a lustre upon and who lend a charm to society, be considered, it was one of the best which had been held for some time.

Moses Grant, as usual, dealt in facts—convincing and astounding facts—which produced a deep impression. Mr. Gough, though suffering from indisposition, was eloquent, touching, humorous, and satirical. The speech of Mr. Ross was plain and straight forward, but it was *ad rem* to the point. There was an air of seriousness about it, which well comported with the solemn grandeur of the great theme. Mr. Ross does not pretend to any of the more shining and attractive qualities of the rhetorician; but he seems to be in earnest, and to have an expansion and a depth of intellect, and a range and an inflexibility of purpose, which will render him an able ally in the illustrious confederacy of talent, mind, and virtue, which is arrayed on the side of the cause.

The remarks of Mr. Hoar, the undaunted and the uncompromising friend of humanity—he who would strike

off from the image of the living God his fetters, that his "soul might walk abroad in her own majesty, and that he might stand redeemed, disenthralled, and regenerated, by the genius of universal emancipation,"—were addressed to the ladies; and we are certain, from the earnestness of the distinguished speaker, and from the undivided attention which was paid him, that they were felt to their fullest extent.

Some sweet music, instrumental and vocal, was discoursed by the Baker family.

Moses Grant opened the proceedings, and spoke at considerable length. He said that Mr. Gough would introduce to them a gentleman named Ross, who had signed the pledge in Philadelphia, in consequence of having attended his (Mr. G.'s) lectures in that city.

Notice had been given in the newspapers, that a report on the subject of the importation and exportation of spirits would be read at that meeting, and that the names of the importers and exporters would also be read. That report had been prepared, and was now ready. It was in the hands of the gentleman who had obtained the facts; but some, it seemed, were of opinion that they were going too far, by proposing to read the names in question. Now, he had no wish, whatever, to go any faster than what was wise and prudent; and if the bare statement of the exports and imports would answer the object they had in view, and if those who were engaged in the traffic would get out of it, why then he would have no objection to withhold the names, for the present at all events, from the public. But he would ask those persons why they were so sensitive on the point? Why should they object to have their names read out in Faneuil Hall? They read every day, in the newspapers, that fifty pipes of brandy had been received by A. B., and that fifty pipes of rum had been received by C. D. Therefore, their names were already known to the public. But he supposed that those traders did not wish to see their names given in form, in a newspaper report. The ideas of some men were as strange as they were inconsistent and absurd. But out of respect to

those who were concerned, (he like others was too much disposed to pay respect to wealth,) it had been thought better not to read the names that evening; and, as he had already said, he had no objection to that—if the suppressing them would answer the purpose. There was one fact which he begged to impress upon the minds of all present, viz. that the traffic in rum would not be allowed to sleep in quiet, while hundreds and thousands who could not come up there to tell their tale, were suffering under poverty, misery, and destitution. Wives and children, widows and orphans, and the inmates of the alms-houses, and the prisons, called upon the friends of the temperance cause to do them justice, by exposing the evils of the ruinous traffic. Should they turn a deaf ear to them? He for one never would. (Cheers.) Whether the traffickers were high or low, rich or poor—the same amount of condemnation of them should come from his lips. (Renewed cheers.) And, so far as he was able, he would oppose the sale of an article which deluged the country with pauperism the most dreadful, and with suffering the most intense; which crowded their alms-houses and their houses of correction, and which sent thousands to their graves dishonored, debased, and degraded. (Loud cheers.) If this determination on his part should not be considered proper by those to whom he alluded, let them remove the cause. The remedy was in their own hands, and if they did not apply it, they must take the consequences. (Applause.) The only difference between the wholesale and the retail dealers, was this:—the former were men of wealth, and lived in magnificent mansions in Beacon-street, and the latter lived farther down town. (Applause.) That was the only difference. The people were wise, and capable of judging for themselves, and with them the matter would be left, for them to draw their own conclusions. But whether by moral suasion, or by legal force, the traffic must come to an end, (cheers) because heaven had so decreed. But, they must be the instruments to carry out the reform.

Mr. Grant then proceeded to read the report, which is a very able one, and which takes a comprehensive view of the important question. While the report was being read,

he was interrupted with loud and incessant cries of "read the names, read the names."

He said he was quite certain that the meeting knew its duty too well to interrupt the Chairman while reading. [Here the cries of "read the names, read the names," were renewed.] Mr. G. requested them to hold their peace. The names would not be read that evening. Haste made waste. Let them leave the matter in the hands of their friends, and every thing would be as "square as a brick." (Roars of laughter, mingled with cheers.)

From the report, it appears that during the last five years, the number of gallons of New England rum which had been exported from the port of Boston, amounted to *two millions, one hundred and fifty-six thousand, nine hundred and ninety;* on which a bounty was paid by government, amounting to *seventy-seven thousand, seven hundred and twenty-nine dollars, and eighty cents.*

The grand total of imports for the same period, consisting of brandy, gin, wine, whiskey, rum, and cordials, is, *two millions, eight hundred and fifty-seven thousand, nine hundred and ninety-four gallons.*

The quantity of wine, the beverage of the fashionable drinkers, whose degradation and ruin cost a higher price, which was imported during the aforesaid period, is—*one million, five hundred and thirty-nine thousand, two hundred and seventy-six gallons.*

Mr. Grant resumed his remarks. He said that a part, and a large one too, of that New England rum had been exported to distant lands. For what purpose? Why, forsooth, to *enlighten the heathen!* He was born in Boston, and he had reason to be proud of his native city, in every thing except the distilling and exporting of New England rum. In that particular, he blushed to think that Boston, which was so justly celebrated for its philanthrophy, its love of virtue, of law and order, should be thus disgraced in the eyes of the world. He was grieved to be obliged

to say that, in this city, there were distilleries where the poison was manufactured, and which were at work even on the Sabbath day. (Cries of shame, shame.) The owners were not content that they should be in operation six days out of the seven, but the Lord's day was to be profaned. All comment upon that was unnecessary. Let each one judge for himself. Public opinion must be brought to bear upon the monstrous evil. He hoped that those who were in the trade—he was willing to suppose that they were ignorant of its lamentable effects upon society—would speedily get out of it. Although the friends of temperance had done a glorious work, much remained to be done towards putting down a traffic which was at war with the best feelings of humanity.

Mr. Grant then retired from the platform, amidst loud applause.

Mr. Gough then came forward to address the meeting. He said that since he had signed the pledge, he had endeavored to become an honest man; but if he could have stolen the names of the importers and exporters of rum, he certainly would have done so, in order to give them to the meeting. (Applause.) It was said that they had no right to speak against the horrible business of rumselling; but he told them that the man who had been sunk in the lowest depths of poverty, and degraded as he had been, but who had been redeemed by the providential interposition of a merciful God, had a right to speak against that which had brought him to the verge of ruin. He was determined to pay Old Alcohol what he owed him. No quarter would he give him, whenever he had a chance. Mr. Gough repeated some of his former arguments, and said, what a wicked act it was on the part of distillers, to convert the corn, that which heaven had bestowed upon man to sustain life, into a liquid flame, which blighted, blasted, and burned every thing which came in contact with it. Oh, how he wished that he could trace the history of one single barrel of rum! He would like to know how many hearts it had broken, how many hopes it had crushed, how many brothers and sisters it had driven upon the cold charity of an unfeeling world!

Mr. Gough drew a comparison between poverty when it was the will of heaven, and poverty when it was brought about by drunkenness. The former was borne in patience and resignation, by good Christians; but the latter, under the soul-harrowing circumstances by which it was surrounded, was unbearable. The poverty of drunkenness had no redeeming feature, no ray of hope or consolation—in it, there was no change for the better—it was the same hideous and terrific barrier to temporal and eternal happiness, yesterday and to-day. He felt that he ought never to speak in Faneuil Hall—his health was so delicate, and his strength so feeble. He would introduce to them a friend of his, who would address them. In the mean time, he would bespeak for him their indulgence and attention. (Applause.) If he felt better, after his friend had concluded his remarks, he (Mr. G.) would address them again that evening.

Mr. Ross then ascended the platform. He said he felt some diffidence in appearing before them that evening. They must not be prepared to hear any eloquence from him. He had been in the habit of chronicling the eloquence of others. He would make no apology for being there, because he felt that as a reformed man it was his bounden duty to be present. (Applause.) Two months ago, he would have laughed at the idea of becoming a teetotaller. But he thanked God that he had become one. (Applause.) And he now publicly and solemnly declared that he would be one until the end of his days. (Cheers.) It had been his fate to mix with eminent men. He had written for many of the London periodicals, his vanity had been flattered, he had drunk wine, and his prospects were ruined. He did not feel the effects of the winecup, at the time; but he had since, very bitterly. The celebrated Campbell, of whose fame they had all heard—that gifted man, had become a slave to the cup. He (Mr. R.) was apprenticed to a surgeon. Two years after his apprenticeship, the gentleman with whom he was serving his time, complained of a pain in his head. He had been drinking for a week; he went up stairs to his bedchamber, to lie down, and in some short time after, (he Mr. R.) went up to see how he was; but he found him dead. That ought to have been a sufficient warning to him, (Mr.

R.) but it was not; he still went on in the same course, although he well knew that he was pursuing a downward one. Society had always had for him a great many charms. He passed his examination, and received his diploma as a surgeon, and was afterwards appointed Demonstrator of Anatomy, (we did not catch the name of the hospital or school,) which appointment he lost, through his intemperance. He then became editor of a paper in Cardiff, where he worked hard with his pen and his bottle. Sometimes he had to report the proceedings of public meetings, but his notes, when he took them up to write them out, looked as though a mad spider had crawled over the paper. His memory had become so treacherous, that he could not derive any benefit from it. He could relate much from his own experience; but he would content himself with stating the particulars of one very unpleasant and ridiculous position, in which he had been placed by his intemperance. A county election was to take place; and he, as one of the editors of one of the newspapers, was of course obliged to choose a side. It so happened, that the candidate whose interests he advocated, was successful. After the election, a public dinner was given by the gentleman who had won the victory, to which the editors of the opposing journals were invited. Among the toasts was "the Press," to which he had been called upon to speak. He rose, and as he thought, made a magniloquent and a grandiloquent speech, "Fecundi calices quem fecere disertum?"—Whom have not overflowing bumbers made eloquent?—and sat down, as it was said in the reporter's phraseolgy, amidst a storm of applause. The editor of the other paper then rose, and said that the gentleman opposite had spoken so *luminously!* that he had not left him a word to say—and then sat down.

Mr. Ross described the heart-rending scenes which he had witnessed at the Bristol riots, which had been caused by drunkenness. He saw forty houses in Queen's Square burnt to ashes. Those scenes preached a more terrific sermon against intemperance than had ever come from the lips of man. On one evening, he was taking tea with Southey, when that distinguished man observed that he (Mr. R.) had taken too much wine, and then gave him a fatherly caution. He had told him that since he had be-

Meeting at the Tremont Temple.

On Sunday evening, the 9th Feb. Mr. J. B. Gough lectured at the Tremont Temple, before a crowded and respectable audience. The exercises of the evening were opened with prayer, after which Moses Grant came forward, and informed the meeting that Mr. Gough would address them.

Mr. Gough then advanced to the front of the platform, and spoke to the following effect:

He said he felt glad, for one or two reasons, that that would be the last time he should appear before them for several months. He had made arrangements to visit several places south and west, for the purpose of carrying on the temperance agitation. That was the one hundred and fifteenth time he had appeared before a Boston audience, on the same subject, in a little over a year; and he felt, that to be thus continually addressing them must be in some measure tedious, although he was glad to see that so large and so enlightened an assembly had gathered together, in order to hear what he had to say that evening. No matter how long he should be absent from Boston, he would still consider that it was his home, and he was proud to call himself one of its adopted sons. They all knew what he had suffered from intemperance; he had repeatedly related his sufferings to them. The temperance reform had found him a drunkard—he had had no expectation of becoming a respectable man, or of ever standing before such an assembly as that which he now beheld, as the advocate of temperance. No; such ideas had never entered into his mind. He had never expected to emerge from the degrading and unmanly situation of a singer, and a reciter of passages from Shakspeare, in a low grog-shop, for the rum he used to receive as his reward. That was

the highest step which he had thought he should ever gain as a public speaker. The temperance movement was, he sincerely believed, the instrument of his redemption, and of hundreds of thousands of others. They all knew and admitted the evil, but they did not know the extent of it. Even those who had suffered the most heavily, knew only a part of it; nor would the evil, in all its length and breadth, in all its horror and iniquity, be known, until that day when all secrets should be revealed, and all things seen as they were. But the friends and active supporters of the cause could bring before them incidents and scenes, of which the public would remain in ignorance, if the Societies did not appoint persons to search them out. By dwelling upon those, good would be effected; and by speaking of them in terms of the severest condemnation, they would serve as beacon lights to young men, to avoid those "breakers," among which there was sure and speedy death. The assertion that every little incident was colored, and that the great evil itself was magnified, was wholly and positively untrue. Neither coloring nor magnifying was necessary, and that reminded him of what he had heard an old man say,—which was, that he defied any live man to lie, upon the subject of intemperance. The tenth part of the woe, degradation, and brutality, which it caused, was not known; and what was more, no moral limner could present any thing like a finished picture of its hideous and terrific effects. The man who witnessed the amputation of a leg, could but indifferently describe the pain of the sufferer, as the saw went through the bone and the marrow. What did the mere looker-on know about the extent and agonizing intensity of the pain? So was it with intemperance. The higher orders of society were the lookers-on, and therefore they knew nothing of the pain which the inveterate drunkard endured. He knew and felt what it was to be an intemperate man. He knew it from the best of sources—*sad*, *doleful*, *bitter*, and *ruinous experience*. But the sufferings of the drunkard himself were comparatively but a small part of them. When they looked at the influence which that one drunkard had over an unhappy wife, over children, brothers, and sisters, they would have some little idea of the amount of suffering which was heaped

upon the unoffending, the virtuous, the innocent, the young, and the unprotected. He well remembered his own degradation, and the sufferings which he had caused to those who were connected with him. He remembered that, on one occasion, a fashionably dressed young man went into a bar-room to take his brandy; he (Mr. G.) took his, and gulped it down raw. The only difference between himself and the young man of fashion, was, that the former took his in water, he was well clad, he put down his dollar bill, and Mr. G. put down his six cents. Both were on the same road, only he (Mr. G.) had gone a little ahead of him. At that time, he had no hope that he would ever become a respectable man, "clothed, and in his right mind," and free from the disgusting fumes of rum. No; with pleasure at the stern, and youth at the prow, he had entered within the circle of dissipation, until it grew narrower and narrower, and at last he was overwhelmed in the abyss. The principles of religion and virtue had been instilled into his mind when he was a child, by his good parents. His mother's life had been one of purity and suffering; and while he was a drunkard, he often remembered the good advice she had given him, and the religious instructions she had poured into his mind. He had often clasped his hands, and thanked his God, that his poor mother had not lived to see the terrible and fallen state in which the child of her hopes and her dearest affections, was. She was beyond the view of the sight which would have afflicted her. Often he had, in his horrifying imagination, beheld every lineament of her features. Often, he had thought, he saw her ghastly countenance gazing upon him, and often he had thought he heard her voice warning him, against the fate which awaited him if he did not renounce his ways, and endeavor to find the path which led to happiness here and hereafter.

At the age of twelve, he came to this country from England. His mother, in order as she thought to advance his interests, gave him in charge to a man who had promised her that he would take every care of him; that he would send him to school, (at that period he was most ambitious to learn,) but that person had broken his promise, and had done nothing for him.

On a Saturday, in the month of December, 1831, he arrived in New York. He was destitute and friendless. He knew nobody, and nobody knew or cared for him. None, but those who had been in that situation in a foreign land, could have any idea of its misery. Then it was, that the religious instructions which he had received from his mother, were of the sweetest consolation to him. All the money he had, was fifty cents. He took his little trunk to a boarding-house in Pearl-street, where he remained until Monday morning. His bill amounted to the half dollar; and having no more means, he was obliged to seek a shelter elsewhere.

Mr. Gough here gave a heart-rending recital of the sufferings which his mother had endured, in a garret in New York, from hunger and cold; and remarked that the only means by which she had been sustained under them, were her sense of religion, and her firm belief that it was the will of God.

How had he become a drunkard? By taking the first glass. O! let all men beware of the FIRST GLASS. It had brought many thousands to the drunkard's doom. It had destroyed genius, talent, and learning. It had in its career mocked and nullified those rare gifts of God, and that most enviable attainment. It had converted the images of the omnipotent Creator into brute beasts. He, like others, had not intended to become a drunkard; but one he had become, and he did not know it, until after his employer, whom he saw in the meeting, had discharged him. His good name, as he had supposed, was not to be valued, even by gold; but at last, the dark, black stain of intemperance shrouded his hitherto fair character. He had fallen into the gulf from which he never expected to arise.

Some might say, what a poor, miserable, weak-minded creature he must have been, and how humiliating it was to be the herald of his own shame. He admitted these things; but it was tolerably evident that the drunkards were not all to be found among the weak-minded, poor, and miserable creatures. Men of the strongest minds, of the most cultivated and refined minds—men of the most

profound erudition—had given way before the temptations of the wine-cup. Among these were Sheridan, Byron, Campbell, Colton, Lamb, and others.

Young men did not know how near the brink of the precipice they stood, until they struck the first blow for freedom from the vassalage of rum. They could not see far ahead, because the mists which came up from the "vasty deep" blinded their eyes. So long as they gratified their passion for the rum, they could not see the dangerous position in which they stood; and hence, they invariably exclaimed, when remonstrated with, that there was no danger of their becoming drunkards. Silly and foolish was such an exclamation, and many from whom it had come had found out, when it was too late, that it was so. The moderate drinker said he could stop when he liked. What use was there in the power, if it was not accompanied by the will? Suppose he (Mr. G.) were to lay his head upon a railroad, because he had the power to raise himself up, before the engine came down upon and crushed him! But what use would that power be, if, by having refused to exert it, he should still cling to the danger, until his head was severed from his body?

Three or four weeks ago, he, at the request of a gentleman in New York, gave up chewing and smoking tobacco. He had had to fight hard against his appetite. Such was the force of habit, that for days afterwards he used to put his fingers into his waistcoat pocket, and force up against the corner of it a particle of the weed which had remained there, and which he was often about to convey to his mouth, before he recollected that he was at war with tobacco. It was the habit that created the appetite. Those who wished to be free from the dominion of rum must say, "We are your masters, and we intend to be so, and you shall not be our master." Let them make and subscribe that Declaration of Independence. What young man would consent to be the subject of a tyrant who paid his slaves off in such poor coin? It required, he knew, tremendous powers of mind, to crush the appetite for rum; but by moral courage and perseverance it could be done. He had been weak-minded and infatuated; but he thanked God, that out of his weakness he had perfected strength to enable him to crush for ever the tyrant that had made

him a slave. He was now free in mind and body; he had with the help of heaven burst asunder his chains, which now clanked in his ears, as he held them up in his hands, as the evidence of a glorious triumph of the mind over the most formidable and desperate of the animal passions.

The strong-minded had fallen, and the self-supposed moderate drinker did not consider that he was addicted to the cup, until he attempted to break the chains that bound him; and then the struggle, if he would master himself, would be so fierce as to leave but little doubt of the strong gripe the rum had had of him. The holding back of the wealthy and influential was of great detriment to the cause. It was a fatal barrier to its progress; and that he would fearlessly declare, no matter how exalted they might be—no matter how powerful in society they might be—no matter how wealthy they might be. They stood as a protection, as it were, on the side of the rumseller, and consequently they were opposed to the advocates of temperance, and to those who were seeking, by day and by night, to abolish the infernal traffic. He would put a case, which he thought was parallel with that of the gentlemen who refused, from motives best known to themselves, to join their ranks.

Suppose the residents of Beacon-street had a large cannon placed there, and in a position to command the Common, on which there should be ten thousand persons; and that those fashionable people should give orders to prime and load it, and then fire it off. If a person stepped up to the fashionables, and said, "If you order that cannon to be fired off, you will cause loss of life to an alarming extent"—reasoning by analogy, the reply would be, "We cannot help that; we must be gratified, even if the ball does go among the multitude and kill them. We must have an excitement." Those persons who encourage the use of wine at their tables, did as much to destroy human life, character, and reputation, as could be done by the means which he had just spoken of. It could never be repeated too often, that men of wealth and influence, by refusing to join in the temperance movement, did more to retard it, than the combined operations of all the grog-shops.

What kept those men back? Was it a small business? O, no! it was a momentous business. Was it pride which

kept them back? What sort of pride was that which would prevent a man from doing good to his fellow-creature? It was indeed a false pride.

That day, he had been walking at the north end of the city, with a friend of his, where he saw a distillery at work. He asked his friend whether such places in England were allowed to be in operation on the Sabbath day. The answer was in the negative. Was it not deplorable, that the fruits of the earth should be poured into the infernal worm, or whatever else it was called, that it might be converted into poison? Was it not a sad reflection, that while the ministers of the gospel were preaching of light, of love, of life, and salvation, that the black, thick and dismal smoke of the distillery should be tainting the air, and outraging the sanctity of the LORD'S DAY? If Mr. Warren's dry goods store were to be kept open on that day, it would, and most properly too, be complained of; and why, therefore, should not the working of the abominable and death-producing distillery be condemned? It might be said, in fact it had been said by the rumsellers, that they supported him as much as the temperance cause did; that it was *impudent!* in him to call names, just as he was on the eve of leaving the city. But he asked whether, in view of what he had suffered, and of what others were now suffering, he was not to be excused? It was fearful to reflect, that there were men in this city who were engaged in making poison. He would tear the drapery of "respectability"! from off the abominable traffic, that it might be exposed in all its nakedness and deformity. He had a right to buckle on the armor of opposition to it; he would do so, he would go forth against it, and dispute every inch of ground with the traffickers. The trade in rum was a curse to society; it brought down man from the dignity of his nature, below the level of the beast of burden; it flooded the land with vice and iniquity; it thinned the house of God, crowded the jails, supplied the gallows; and it ruined the peace, the happiness, and the character of myriads of human beings.

Mr. Gough alluded to the license question; and said that, high and mighty as were the intellectual endowments and resources of Daniel Webster, the star of the North,

he could not make right that which was wrong. The constitution and the people were on the side of right, and right would triumph.

O! what a happy time it would be, when the last hour of the tyrant's power had arrived; when the tear of the poor, broken-hearted and disconsolate wife would be dried up—when the sobbings of the little innocent child would be hushed—when despair would shrink back into its den—and when the drunkard would stand up in his rags, dripping with the filth of the gutter,—a REFORMED, a REGENERATED human being.

He concluded by thanking the audience for the kind and attentive manner in which they had listened to him; he had received many favors from the good people of Boston, upon which it delighted his soul to dwell, and which he would ever remember with sentiments of deep gratitude. He loved the cause—he was devoted to it—and with his expiring breath he would endeavor to utter its praise, its value, and its importance. He prayed that God would bless and direct it, and the good men who, by his aid and grace, sustained it; and that after this sublunary scene had closed upon them for ever, they might all meet in a never-fading and blissful eternity.

Mr. Gough then retired, after which Moses Grant, the President of the Society, announced to the audience that the exercises of the evening had closed.

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